

Santa's Directory

The Herald

L. S. Cleveland, Editor.

A Good Advertising Medium.

Tasty Job Printing.

Murray Bros.

FIRE and LIFE
INSURANCE.

Room 2, Flournoy
Block.

DeFuniak Springs, Fla.

The Walton County Abstract and Real Estate Co.

Abstractors, Real Estate
Agents, Conveyancers, Fire
and Life Insurance, Fidelity
and Court Bonds.

Mr. Jas. A. McLean, Manager.

FLOURNOY & CO., Inc.

J. Moss Flournoy, Manager.

Outfitters for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Flournoy Block.

Phone 59.

AT DeFUNIAK SPRINGS, FLORIDA.

Merry Christmas—Happy New Year.

Beach, Rogers & Co.

Manufacturers of Yellow Pine
Lumber, Dressed Building Mate-
rial, Moulding Brackets, Turned
Work. Dealers in Sash, Doors,
Blinds, Sherwin William's Paints.
De Funiak Springs, Fla.

H. H. DREYER

Dealer in general merchan-
dise, health food a
specialty.

FREE AND PROMPT DELIVERY.

Phone 57.

B. P. MORRIS

"The Cash Store."

Furnishings for Gentlemen.

DeFuniak Springs, Fla.

Walton Land and Timber Company.

NAVAL STORES

DeFuniak Springs, Florida

W. L. Cawthon, Banker

(Not Incorporated.)

DeFUNIAK SPRINGS, FLA.

A General Banking Business Con-
ducted on a safe and conser-
vative basis.

The Empire Laundry

"WHERE LINEN LASTS."

Continues to please De-
Funiak patrons and we wish
you all a Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year.

A. E. EDGE, LOCAL MGR.
Care Southern Express Co.
DeFUNIAK SPRINGS, FLA.

Morrison Land Co.

DeFuniak Springs, Fla.

Sawmill, Turpentine, and Timber
Lands for sale, in tracts of from
2,000 to 15,000 acres.

The Breeze

A live weekly newspaper.

Read it for DeFuniak news.

Advertise in it to read Wal-
ton county people.

DeFUNIAK SPRINGS, FLA.

After Christmas

Send Your boy

or Your Girl to

Palmer College

DeFuniak Springs,
Florida.

Location healthful. Good
faculty. Community refined.
Terms reasonable. Write Pres.
J. W. Walden for catalogue.

A Christmas Present?

go to

COCHRAN'S.

Watches, Jewelry, Silverware,
etc. Largest stock between Pensa-
cola and Apalachicola River.

Chautauqua Barber Shop.

An up-to-date shop in
every way. Hot and
cold baths.

A JOURNALISTIC TRIUMPH

By Donald McLellan

Gratifying, indeed, it is to the loyal Pensacola to look upon and comprehend today's Journal, a representative and leader in Florida journalism, and one whose opinions count far and wide for something. It is a source of congratulation that the city is able to boast of a paper of such a standard of excellence, for, however widely divergent may be our individual opinions, we must all fairly and confess that your paper today is a type of successful venture, demonstrating that, though words of us disagree and "cut" at it at times, the Journal clearly stands out the leader in the West Florida press, and holding its own with any daily published in the state of Florida.

But the purpose of this article is not that of extolling the paper which is published in the daily morning field of our city. On the other hand, it is a cursory review of the journalistic graveyard, for which this city has an unenviable fame.

As far back as the writer is able to remember, when the contents of a blue-backed speller were being driven into a stubborn brain, the old Pensacola is recalled. That was when the types were all handled with the nimble finger; and it is with pleasurable recollection that the bulky weekly paper is recalled. Received at Barnad, then the home of the writer, on Sunday mornings, it was a veritable treat. Pensacola news was dished up in terse style, indicating that there was a force of well-trained but unsuccessful men at the helm, for it was not long before the paper ceased to arrive, and the Sunday morning visitor was known to have passed to a last resting place.

Even at the time of the Pensacola's demise, there was being published the Commercial, edited by the lamented J. Dennis Wolfe, whose pungent style of writing is remembered and treasured with interest, until this day. That was a daily, and it flourished like the green bay tree, only to be added to the field of newspaper failures. With it went the hopes and ambitions of one of the most powerful editors that the state has ever produced, but he afterwards entered the journalistic field as editor of the

Times, when that paper made its appearance in a little office on Baylen street. Its existence was not too long, for its patronage and management did not succeed. Previous to that publication, however, it is recalled that the well-known Frank Phillips had a lively paper, the Advance-Gazette, which, as its name implied, was the merging of two publications. That paper also went the way of its predecessors. Copies of the issues of the eighties may be seen at several points in the city.

The Daily News. The Daily News, the original of the Evening News, now being published, made its appearance with Messrs. Witt and O'Connor at the helm. Those two giants of journalism were not slow in showing what a newspaper was, and although the composition bills were enormous, a number of hand "cases" being operated at all times, the paper lived through many trials and tribulations, going through several complete changes of management as well as ownership, and finally living today, missing but one issue, and that was upon the occasion of the great storm of several years ago, when the office was flooded, and linotypes, presses and motors were lifeless through the inactivity of the electric light plant. There are many in Pensacola today who are able to tell of the vicissitudes through which the News has passed, yet existing and being published in the local afternoon field.

The ill-starred Argus was another venture, launched first in the weekly field, and being later merged into a daily, a syndicate having secured the control from J. H. Hamilton, a local newspaper man, who yet resides in Pensacola. The Times was the outcome of this control, but its failure to make good with the Pensacola public is fresh in the minds of comparative late comers. A competitor, the Star, under the editorial management and ownership of Julius Menko, soon secured the control, and under the name of the Times-Star, it was published, but not for long. Something was radically wrong, and it soon found a grave beside those which had been launched in the past.

The Daily Globe, a production by I. B. Hilson, who afterward became identified with the News, was another grave-finder in the journalistic cemetery. Under very trying odds, this paper's existence was maintained for some months, publishing both a daily and weekly issue, but at that time the News was in its heyday of success and held to the lion's share of the patronage, both in the local and the foreign advertising field. It was then under the management of W. M. Ball, and was "hand-set" from start to finish.

The Pensacola Press. A third daily soon made its appearance and had a sorrowful existence, although the proprietor was said to have expended waste to make it a go. That was the Press, published by John Denham, now deceased. It made a brave fight for a living and manager were against it. Unreliability was possibly the mill-stone which finally led to a final swamping of the Press. Mistakes, known in newspaper parlance as "bulls," were too frequently appearing in its columns, and during the life of the present Journal, it was merged into the afternoon field, later suspending publication. This paper started out with brilliant prospects, but could not overcome the tide of a decided unpopularity which met it soon after its appearance.

Mr. W. M. Loftin, for many years connected with the News, launched the seed of what afterward turned out to be the most successful of the many attempts at local newspaper-making. He started the Weekly Pensacola Journal, which shortly before his sad death was merged into a daily. How the present energetic editor and manager of the Journal secured control just prior to the well-known originator's death is not news to the Pensacola public today, and soon after Mr. F. L. Mayes and an associate secured absolute control and management, the paper forged to the front, today regaining a lot of hard work, a great improvement over any paper ever successfully published in the morning field and a triumph of journalism over which the present editor may exult with pardonable pride. And, although in its 10th year of publication, it has never missed an issue, even going

through the memorable September storm with success, although considerably damaged mechanically.

These of the Old School. And of the old school of editors and printers, there are not a few who occupy silent sleeping places in the cities of the dead within the city limits. The aged J. Dennis Wolfe, whose writings today are yet read with avidity, occupies a certain mound in beautiful St. John's cemetery. The lamented John O'Connor and his former business partner, the well-recalled John C. Wolff, sleep in the same enclosure in that burial ground. And another mound holds the mortal remains of the lamented William M. Loftin.

In another cemetery, the silent and revered St. Michaels, recline the remains of several old printers of the old school. Among them, Frank J. Devine and William Bauer, all at one time case-holders on the News, have been gathered into their fathers, and are in St. Michael's. In the same place the remains of Emmet Touart may be located. He was for many years a pressman on the same paper, working with the three printers already named. Ed. H. Ackerman, another printer, occupies a place in St. John's, I believe, although I do not state it as a fact. My recollection is that he was buried there. Col. Ike Vincent, who was associated with Mr. Hamilton on the Argus, is buried in Alabama, his death having occurred since he left here and it followed a long illness. Three other printers of what we are pleased in reminiscence moments to refer to as the old school, are yet in Pensacola. Henry M. Roche is a partner in the White printing house, Peter McLellan is with the Journal and Henry Jendevine is with the Mayes Printing Co. These old "comps." are full of tales of the early printing trade in Pensacola. A young member is J. L. Biernie, who holds a reporter's position on the Journal. "Jack," as his friends are pleased to refer to him, can also, in reminiscence moments, relate interesting life experiences covering the local field.

Many traveling printers who held cases on the local papers are heard from at frequent intervals. Our friend Cleveland, of the DeFuniak

Herald, is one of them. There are several others who have been lost sight of completely, but who probably have responded to their last "thirty," and have gone to their reward.

All of the above, when taken into consideration, will naturally serve to make the loyal Pensacola feel a kindly pleasure in having the Journal yet with them, and for one the writer hopes that the days of a newspaper's vicissitudes are a thing of the past, so far as the Journal is concerned. May it be the pleasure and ability and task of the present editor and manager to issue many, many more Christmas editions, and to look back with a degree of superiority upon the newspaper wreck-brotherhood past.

A Famous Regiment.

It is doubtful if any other regiment furnished an equal number of distinguished officers during the civil war as did the Second United States Cavalry. Among the officers were Albert Sidney Johnston, colonel; Robert E. Lee, lieutenant colonel; William J. Hardee, brevet lieutenant colonel; George H. Thomas, major. Robert E. Lee and A. S. Johnston became generals in the Confederate army, and Hardee became lieutenant general. Thomas became a distinguished general in the Federal army. Among the captains were Earl Van Dorn, E. Kirby Smith and N. G. Evans, all of whom became generals in the Confederate army. I. N. Palmer, George Stoneman and R. W. Johnson held the same positions in the Union army. Among the subalterns John B. Hood, Charles W. Field, Chambliss and Phifer became southern generals, and R. Garrard and others attained the same place in the northern army. Captain Evans left the United States service before Colonel Robert E. Lee did, and when they parted at Fort Mason, Tex., Colonel Lee said: "I'm sorry to give you up, Evans. Don't know what may happen before we meet again. Perhaps they'll make you a general."

Just as Bad.

"It was a case of spontaneous combustion."
"Did the fire do much damage?"
"What fire?"
"The one you just mentioned."
"I was talking about a case of love at first sight."

Just to Remind Him.

"Have you a conscience?"
"What do I need with a conscience? I have a wife."

FREE 15 Days Only Beautiful Bright Sparkling Famous \$5 Barnatto Diamond Ring

Brilliance equals genuine—diamond buff-
ers experts—All every requirement of the
most exacting—pleases the most fastid-
ious—at only one-third the cost of the
real diamond.

As a means of introducing this mar-
velous and wonderful, sparkling gem,
and securing as many new friends as quickly
as possible, we are making a special in-
ducement for the new year.

We want you to wear this beautiful Ring,
this masterpiece of man's handiwork, this
simulation that rivals with all the beauty,
and flashes with all the fire of

A GENUINE DIAMOND
We want you to show it to your friends
and take orders for us, as it sells itself
—cells at sight—and makes

100% PROFIT 100%
for you, absolutely without effort on your
part.

We want good, honest representatives
everywhere, in every locality, city or coun-
try, in fact, in every country throughout
the world, both men and women, young
or old, who will sell or pawn the
Barnatto Simulation Diamonds under the
pretense that they are Genuine Gems, as
such action with simulation diamonds some-
times leads to trouble or embarrassment, as
shown by the following article from The
Chicago Examiner, Nov. 15, 1908:

"THE KING OF DIAMONDS HAS LICENSE TAKEN AWAY"

BURLINGTON, IA., Nov. 15.—For some time past newspapers in Iowa cities have been reporting the operations of a man whom they called "The King of Diamonds." It appears that there was nothing criminal in his operations, which consisted in selling "diamonds," but his methods of securing were not exactly according to the rules. He usually drops into a jewelry house and talks of meeting such and such a representative of the house on the road and selling him a diamond, to be delivered at the store. He convinces the diamond is only an imitation, and offers to sell extremely cheap around the place the same thing. Then he works up an interest and usually succeeds in selling some of his diamonds. Mr. Jack of Diamonds dropped into City Auditor Norton's office one morning and secured a license to sell his wares. He had only been out a short time, however, until Chief of Police Hitt learned of him. Calling on the publisher, he relieved him of his license and gave him back the money he had paid for it. As Hittman had committed no crime he was released. He was bitter against the newspapers for having his license taken away.

If you want a simulation diamond—a substitute for the genuine—don't wait—
—ACT TO-DAY, as this advertisement may not appear again. Fill out the coupon below and send at once—first come, first served.

The Barnatto Diamond Co.,
Grand Building, Chicago. (In which you saw this ad.)
Send money and free sample offer. Ring, Earrings, Band or Scarf (Stick) Dia-
catalogue.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....

